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A 52 page
Comic
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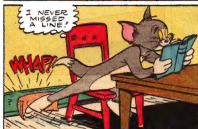
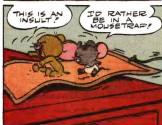
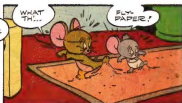
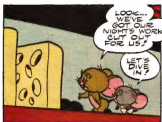
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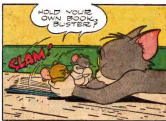
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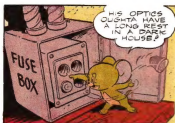




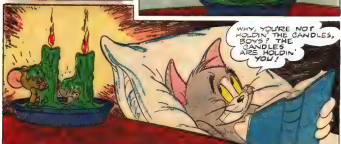
























M-G-M CARTOONS

present

Barney Bear and Benny Bunny

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING
I CAN PULL ON THAT DOPEY
BEAR TO LIVEN UP MY DAY...

BARNEY, YOU'D BETTER
BE ON YOUR GUARD. I'VE
GOT A FEELIN' THAT
MOOSEFACE IS GONNA
BE UP TO NO GOOD TODAY!

HMM—MY EARS
ARE BURNIN'!

I KNOW I'M A SUCKER FOR
THAT MOOSE, BENNY—

YEP, SURE
ENOUGH! I'M
BEIN' TALKED
ABOUT!

WHAT YOU
OUGHT TO DO
IS FENCE
OUR PLACE
IN AND
KEEP HIM
OUT!

BENNY, I THINK YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING—

I THINK
SO, TOO!

I'LL BUY SOME
FENCING TODAY!

I'LL SAY
YOU WILL!













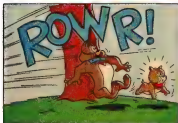
M-G-M CARTOONS
present
Big SPIKE
and
Little TYKE















Night spread a soft, grey blanket over Apple Tree Lane, and all the birds tucked their heads under their wings and fell fast asleep — all but one, that is.

In the bluebird's house, one little bird was only pretending to sleep. That naughty little bird was Bertie.

As soon as his mother and brother, Billie, were sound asleep, Bertie got up and sneaked quietly to the door. Then he hesitated.

"Oooh!" he thought. "It's awful DARK out-side!" And just for a second, he wished he had not promised to go on a night adventure with Tippy Chat. But a minute later, Bertie had talked himself into being full of courage again, and out the door he flew.

"Hope Tippy's waiting!" he said, winging his way through the darkness.

Bertie flew straight to the sycamore tree where he and Tippy had arranged to meet. But thick, leafy foliage made the tree so dark he couldn't see anything.

"Tippy!" he called softly. "Where are you?"

"Here I am, Bertie!" answered Tippy, popping out from behind a cluster of leaves.

"Why were you hiding?" asked Bertie. "Were you scared?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Tippy indignantly. "I just didn't want any hungry old owl to see me! That's all!"

Glancing around, Bertie said, "I forgot about owls! Maybe we ought to go some other night — when it's even DARKER!"

Tippy chuckled. "NOW, who's scared?"

"Not me!" Bertie ruffled his feathers crossly at Tippy. "Come on! I'll show you!"

Off they flew!

"Let's go to Pop Dinkledunkle's farm," suggested Bertie. "I'll bet lots of exciting things happen THERE at night!"

"I'll bet they do, too!" agreed Tippy. "My mother told me that animals prow! all around. And the air is filled with hawks and bats and things hunting for their dinners!"

Bertie shivered. "Then we'd better be careful," he said, "or maybe WE'LL be somebody's dinner!"

All the rest of the way to the farm, Bertie and Tippy flew close together. They shook with fright at every unfamiliar sound.

But they finally reached the farm, and after circling around to look things over, they decided to perch in a tree by the barn. "We ought to be able to see everything that goes on from here," Bertie told Tippy as they settled themselves comfortably on a low branch.

The two little birds waited and watched for a long time, but nothing happened. Crickets chirped, frogs croaked, a horse whinnied, and a cat yowled somewhere in the distance. But these were everyday things, and not very exciting.

"Cheepers, Tippy!" yawned Bertie. "I'm bored!"

"Me, too!" said Tippy. "Let's fly around! Maybe we can find some excitement!"

So away they flew again — over the barn.

the stable, the house, and the woodshed. Then as they neared the wire fence surrounding the chicken yard, they heard the pitter-patter of feet on the ground below.

Startled, the birds jerked their heads around to look back. **SMACK!** They both crashed into the fence and tumbled to the ground.

Bertie was stunned and lay still, but Tippy was only wounded. He staggered to his feet and shook himself. Then he glanced down at Bertie.

"Bertie!" he cried, pushing him with his beak. "Get up!"

But Bertie didn't move.

Frightened, Tippy pushed Bertie harder, rolling him over and over. And all the while the pitter-patter of feet drew nearer and nearer.

Suddenly, Tippy saw a greyish-white form creep across a patch of moonlight toward him.

"A POSSUM!" he cried. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Quickly grabbing Bertie's wing, Tippy started to pull him away. But Bertie was too heavy, and Tippy could not pull him fast enough. He stopped a moment to think. "I know what I'll do," said Tippy. He was a ventriloquist and a mimic. So he threw his voice out behind the possum and made a barking sound like a dog. Then things began to pop!

Bertie came to with a jolt, and the startled possum whirled and made a beeline for the nearest tree. But before he could reach it, a real dog, barking ferociously, came rushing at him. The poor possum whirled again and came dashing back toward the birds at the wire fence.

"Eeep!" squealed Bertie. "What's that?"

A possum! cried Tippy. "Come on!"

Up into the air darted the little birds, while

the possum scrambled over the fence into the chicken yard.

"What happened?" asked Bertie, as they darted about watching the excited dog leap and bark at the fence.

Tippy had just finished explaining when the chickens started squawking.

"Oh dear!" cried Bertie. "The possum must have gotten into the chicken house!"

Now, by this time, the whole farm was awake. Out rushed Pop Dinkledunkle and his young son, Hank. Pop was carrying a shotgun and Hank a flashlight.

As they ran toward the chicken house, Hank sent the beam of his flashlight up on Bertie and Tippy. Scared out of their wits, the birds darted to the safety of a nearby tree.

But the tree was not safe for long. Suddenly, **SWOOSH!** past them flashed the possum. Pop, Hank, and the dog had chased him out of the chicken house and into the tree.

Bertie and Tippy watched the possum scramble up to a top branch, where he hung upside down by his tail. Then Pop and Hank grabbed the tree and shook it violently.

Pop! down came the possum!

Pop! down came Bertie and Tippy!

Hank grabbed the possum while the dazed little birds scrambled to their feet.

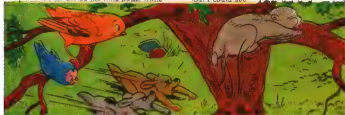
"What happened?" asked Tippy.

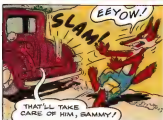
"I don't know," answered Bertie. "But it felt like an earthquake!"

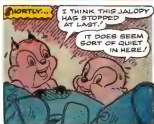
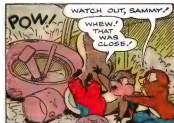
"Let's go home!" said Tippy. And home they sped like two little streaks of lightning.

As they neared the safety of Apple Tree Lane, Tippy said, "I don't think Dinkledunkle's farm is such an exciting place at night! Do you, Bertie?"

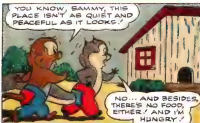
"I certainly don't, Tippy!" Bertie said emphatically. "WE caused the only excitement that I could see!"

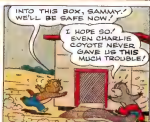
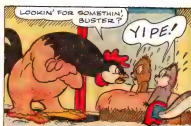


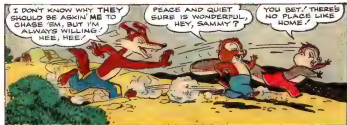


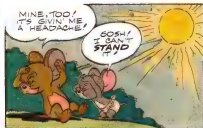
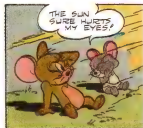
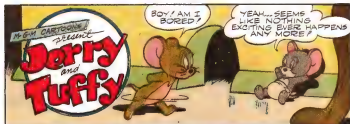


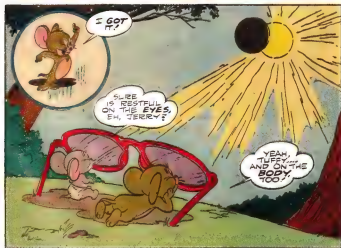




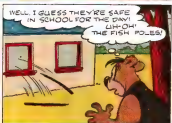


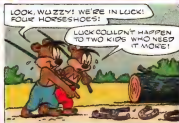
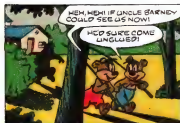














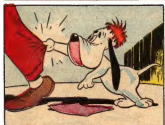
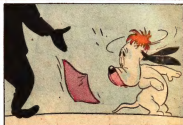








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